And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. VVhere is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chast vnsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

Let

9 where is my 13 impatious 35 unsmirched

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him go *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill,

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my bloud.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eie. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noise is that?

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